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NARRATIVE

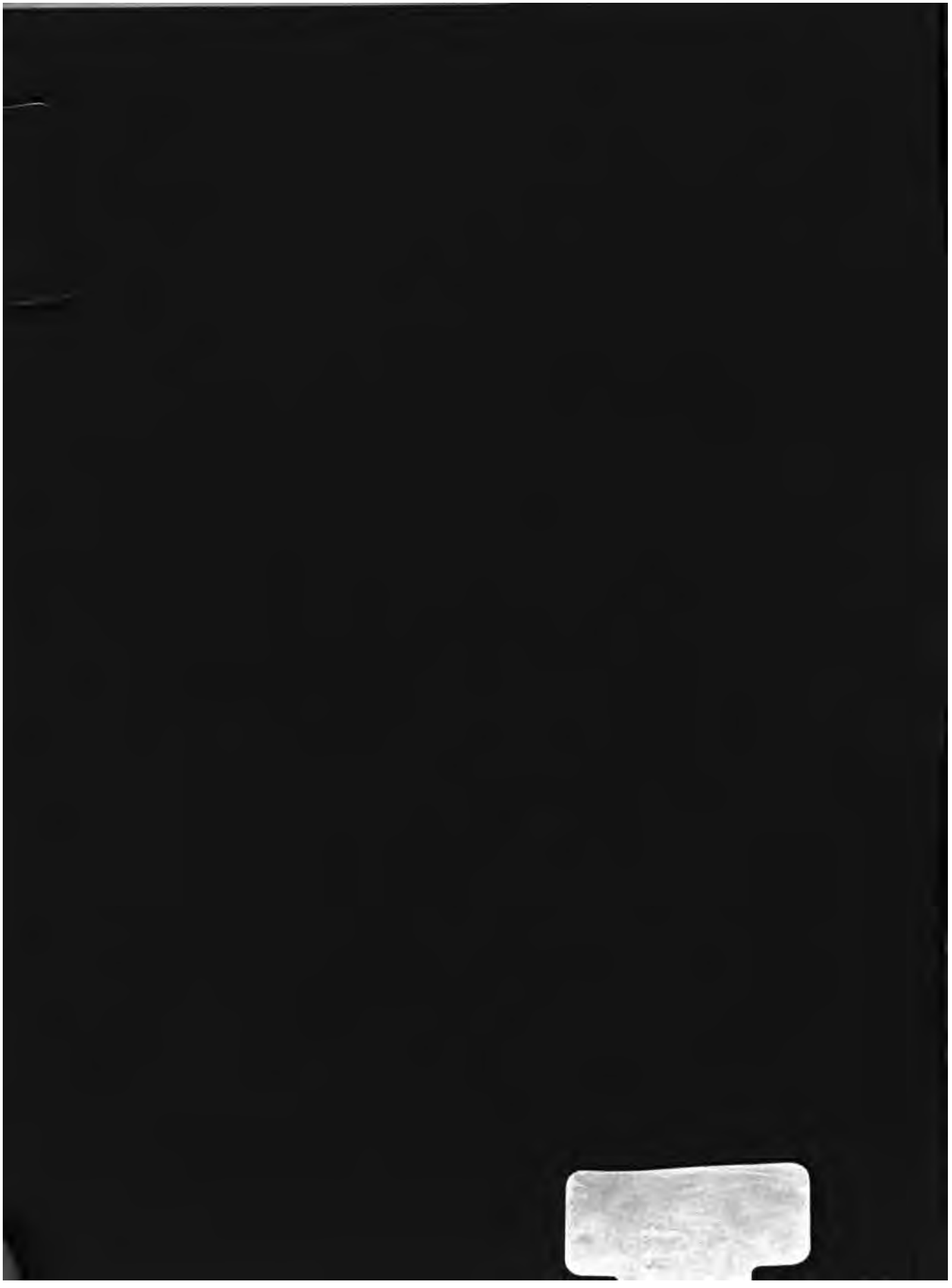
OF A

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

PLANNED

BY

FOUR ADVENTURERS



NARRATIVE

OF

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Strasburgh, printed G. Silbermann.

MISS LILY'S

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

UNDERTAKEN IN COMPANY WITH MASTERS PAUL AND TOTO,
HER TWO COUSINS, AND LITTLE PETER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MISS I. M. LUYSTER.

WITH FORTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY LORENZ FROLICH.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1869.

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ELECTROTYPED AT THE BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,
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I.

THE papa and mamma of Miss Lily have been obliged to start suddenly for Paris. They have left her, and Masters Paul and Toto, her two cousins, who have lost their parents, at their pretty estate where they pass their summers, in charge of Miss Dora, their English governess, and of old Jeannette, the cook.

Everything has gone on finely at first, but now Miss Dora has fallen ill, and the children, no longer occupied with their tasks, pass the time in playing, rambling in the park, and reading. Master Paul, who is going to be a sailor, has been reading histories of voyages, and Miss Lily, Robinson Crusoe. These stories, which they have understood only imperfectly, as they are not precisely adapted to children of their age (Miss Lily being only seven, and Master Paul not eight years old), have turned their heads. They talk of nothing but voyages; they dream of nothing but desert islands. Even Master Toto, though he is only four, and naturally of a quiet disposition, is excited by these conversations, of which he has not lost a word.

"O, what happy people travellers must be!" exclaims Miss Lily, every moment.

"But you — you have already made a voyage!"

"O!" says Lily, "I was too small then; so that goes for nothing."

"If I were all grown up," says Master Paul, "I would like to go around the world, and more than once, too."

"Me, too," says Master Toto, "to eat nice sugar-cane!"

I.

WHAT HAPPY PEOPLE TRAVELLERS MUST BE!

II.

THE conversation begun in the parlor is continued in the garden. People who have a passion for voyaging never remain long in one place.

Little Peter, the son of the gardener, on being questioned by Miss Lily, relates how he has already been very far on the river with Antoine, the fisherman. He has seen extraordinary things there. The river, it appears, is very long. Antoine has told him that if they should go on still farther they would end by coming to the sea.

"All rivers flow into the sea," says Miss Lily. "That's in the geography, — and, of course, they must be long, for the sea is very far away."

"Not so very far," says Paul.

Little Peter's narrative has made Miss Lily very dreamy, and has singularly excited the imagination of Master Paul.

"Ah! if we could only have a ship, and go on the water," says Miss Lily, "perhaps we might find again Robinson's Island. What a pity an island like that should be lost — an island that had *everything* on it!"

"Perhaps, too, we might make even greater discoveries, like Christopher Columbus," says Master Paul.

"Ah! Paul," says Miss Lily, "if you were brave, if you were already captain of a ship, if you knew how to row!" . . .

"I do know how to row," says Paul. "I have rowed once, already."

II.

LITTLE PETER RELATES HOW HE HAS ALREADY BEEN VERY FAR ON THE RIVER.

III.

MISS LILY, taking Paul aside, goes back with him into the parlor to communicate her ideas.

Paul is full of enthusiasm. "Since my uncle and aunt are gone, since Miss Dora is ill, instead of doing nothing, let us take a voyage!"

"But Toto," says Miss Lily, "he is very little?"

"No!" says Toto, who has just come in; "Toto is big! Toto wants to sail on the sea!"

It is agreed. Toto is to be one of the party.

"If mamma were here," says Miss Lily, "we would ask her leave; but, since she is not —"

"It is not necessary to tell anybody," replies Paul.

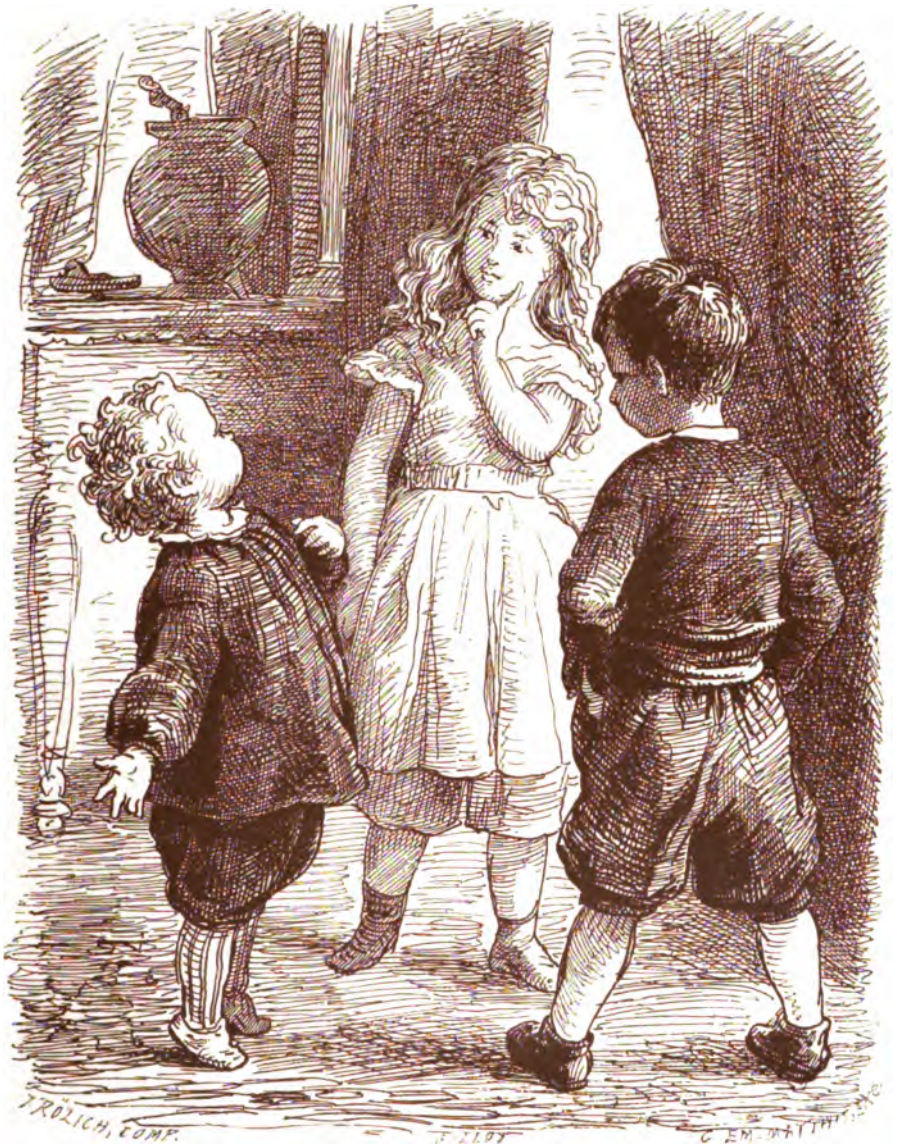
"Miss is very timid," says Lily.

"And old Jeannette is a great scold," says Paul.

"Jeannette makes nice chocolate for Toto," says Toto, who, in the faults of Jeannette, does not forget her good qualities.

"That makes no difference, Toto; you are to say nothing."

"No," says Toto, at the top of his little voice.



III.

THE THREE CONSPIRATORS BIND THEMSELVES BY A VOW, LIKE THE THREE SWISS.

The three conspirators bind themselves by a vow, like the three Swiss.

"When we have made the tour of the world, and even discovered islands — "

"We shall discover a great many," says Paul.

"We will return, we will each keep one, and give the rest to papa."

"I shall discover the biggest," says Toto.

"Only," says Paul, "we have no ship — "

"Perhaps," says Miss Lily, in a grave voice, "perhaps" . . . and turning to little Peter, who had been left at one side, eating a big apple and a large piece of bread, —

"Little Peter," says she, "you know some fishermen. We want a vessel for something. If you will bring us one here to-morrow, I will give you two big pennies."

IV.

THE next morning Little Peter brings Miss Lily a pretty little boat, which he has himself cut with his garden knife out of a bit of elder-tree wood.

Miss Lily is indignant. Paul gives Little Peter to understand that he is a ninny.

Master Toto thinks the boat very pretty, and quite large enough.

"Well, then, take it," says Miss Lily.

As they take the boat, Little Peter puts out his hand for his two big pennies, but Miss Lily has forgotten her purse.

"Here — here are your two pennies," says Paul, in a lordly manner, to Little Peter.

Little Peter is cheered up by the possession of this treasure. Miss Lily has recovered her composure. She explains to this simpleton of a Little Peter that what they want is a real vessel — a vessel with a captain, and even an admiral — a very big and strong vessel, which can go on the water with people in it, and lots of provisions, because they are going a great way, and must be prepared for anything, even tempests.

IV.

TOTO THINKS THE BOAT VERY PRETTY, AND QUITE LARGE ENOUGH.

V.

LITTLE PETER understands at last. He hurries Miss Lily and Master Paul along the bank of the little river which skirts the most distant part of the park, and there, near the shore, by the garden at one side, he shows them a splendid boat, tied to a tree. This boat has two seats, two oars, a locker, a rudder, and even a hole in which to step a mast, with a flag at the head.

Miss Lily and Master Paul declare that it is just what they want.

"With that, and courage," cries Master Paul, "one could go to the end of the world!"

"And even farther," says Miss Lily.

Toto, who is all ears, asks if there are cocoa-nuts at the end of the world.

"There is everything," replies Miss Lily, "and sugar-cane besides."

Toto, transported, begins to caper.

"They then reveal to Little Peter, after having first sworn him to secrecy, what they intend doing with the vessel, and inform him that he is to go with them.

V.

THIS TIME LITTLE PETER SHOWS THEM A SPLENDID BOAT.

Little Peter is astonished, but he is willing all the same, *if they will solemnly promise* that there shall be something to eat on the vessel. It looks as if Little Peter were somewhat of a glutton.

"Certainly, there will be something to eat," says Paul. "The ship will be fully provisioned."

Little Peter, reassured, ships on board the sloop of war La Belle Lili, the name gallantly proposed by Paul, and adopted by unanimous consent, with one dissenting voice only, that of Toto, who would have preferred the ship to be named Le Toto.

The keeper of the boat is Little Peter's father. Little Peter can get it any time he likes. It belongs to a gentleman, a painter, who has two boats, and who never uses this, because it is too big for one person.

VI.

THEY jump into the boat to see how it will do, and to proceed also to the appointment of officers. Miss Lily, who had the first idea of the expedition, nominates herself admiral-in-chief of the fleet. Paul, who has already rowed once, and who, besides, is to enter the naval school, and is very well up in his geography, is to be captain of the ship and general of the army of disembarkation. Toto is to be colonel of the ship-boys and commander of the long boat (the little boat of elder-tree wood, which can be made use of in case of shipwreck).

Little Peter, of course, is all the rest.

VI.

THEY PROCEED TO APPOINT THEIR OFFICERS. PAUL IS TO BE CAPTAIN, AND HIS COUSIN NOMINATES HERSELF ADMIRAL.

VII.

THE embarkation has been fixed for the following Monday. They have, therefore, two days for their preparations. It is agreed that during that time they shall all put aside what they can of their meals, so as to add to their stock of provisions; that they shall take care to provide themselves with clothing for both warm and cold weather; that they shall forget nothing, in fact, which will serve to insure the success of so grand an enterprise.

It is furthermore resolved that they will not return until they have made THE TOUR OF THE WHOLE WORLD!

The children pass the two days in making furtive journeys to the boat. Laden with packages, they steal through the most secluded pathways leading down to the river. Whatever seems to them indispensable, either to the pleasure or usefulness of the voyage, is deposited in the locker of the boat, which Captain Paul calls by its proper name, *the Steward's Room.*

Little Peter is a great assistance at this juncture. He is as strong as a Turk, this Little Peter, and though he is only six years old, he is expert and untiring. And besides, he knows how to look after the substantials.

VII.

PREPARATIONS FOR EMBARKING.

VIII.

MISS LILY has had conveyed on board a box full of bits of dolls' dresses and ribbons, several pearl necklaces, besides little knives for the savages; a warm cape for cold weather, when they are among the icebergs; her umbrella for rainy weather, and her parasol for the sun, when they shall be in Africa.

Paul has arms of all kinds — a gun, a bow and arrows, and a map of the world, in which he is much absorbed.

Toto has laid in a stock of barley-sugar, besides three biscuits, an orange, a lot of marbles, two trumpets, and a drum, with which to play with the little savages, if they are friendly. He has not forgotten his wooden sword, to defend himself with if they are not, and he has hidden, in a corner of the boat, an army of lead soldiers, in a deal box which serves them for barracks. They are composed of foot and horse regiments, and have cannon made of copper, which go off when charged with a bit of cork. Toto also carries along a menagerie, containing all the known species of animals in the JARDIN DES PLANTES. Master Toto has his own scheme. He intends to establish a garden of acclimation on the island he is going to discover. He is a pretty shrewd little fellow, this Master

VIII.

LITTLE PETER HAS THOUGHT OF THE SUBSTANTIALS.

Toto; he thinks of everything. He was a long time undecided whether he should take Mr. Punchinello along. But Mr. Punchinello, upon being consulted, insisted so strongly on the honor of accompanying his friend in his adventurous expedition, that Master Toto at last consented. He wanted also to take with him Master Minet, to catch the mice in the inhabited islands which they might come across; but in consequence of Little Peter's wise remark, that cats could not endure water, it was decided to leave Master Minet with old Jeannette, who loves him as a son, and will take good care of him.

As to Little Peter, he has prudently thought of the substantials. With the money intrusted to him by Master Paul, he has bought two loaves of bread, two sausages, a cheese, pears and apples, besides turnips and cabbages, carrots and potatoes. He has finally put in the bottom of the boat his spade and shovel. He had also been commissioned by Miss Lily to carry to the boat a pot of sweetmeats, but — what's all this? When he arrives there the pot of sweetmeats is empty!

I suspect Little Peter must have tasted them.

IX.

IN their few leisure moments they try to prepare themselves for their prospective duties. Miss Lily, armed with a spy-glass made out of pasteboard rolled and sewed together, practises looking through it, and predicting from the wind and clouds what weather it is to be. Paul rows on a bench with two broomsticks, so as to render himself skilful in the management of oars. When he is tired he plunges into the study of the chart, for he has no notion of proceeding in a headlong manner. He proposes to sail his ship by rule, and first sketch out the plan of the grand voyage.

Dear little Toto practises climbing trees. The colonel of ship-boys ought to know how to climb the mast. But how hard it is! Master Toto's stomach is pretty big, his little arms are short, his legs are not very long, and he is heavy behind — this Master Toto. When he tries to climb up all alone it is no easy matter. Trees are very hard; the mast will be much easier.

IX.

THE ADMIRAL ARMED WITH A SPY-GLASS.

X.

THE preparations are completed. Admiral Lily has inspected the cargo, and cast an official eye over all the appointments. All is right. The sight of Toto's three biscuits puts her in mind of the proverb, "Never put off to sea without biscuit." But what has happened? Captain Paul smites his brow.

"What's the matter?" asks the Admiral.

"Matter?" says Paul; "why, we were going to forget what might be the most important thing. Certainly, we mustn't leave Loulou out. Loulou, who is so good, so devoted. Loulou, who in savage countries, in virgin forests, can be so useful in warning us of danger. He is afraid of nothing, neither cats nor snakes, so he won't be any more afraid of lions, tigers, and serpents. What an invaluable recruit he will be for us!"

"Poor Loulou!" cries Lily, moved almost to tears. "That's true; he would be too unhappy if we should leave him behind."

Loulou is very grateful, and lets them see that they can count upon him.

O, what rejoicing! Ah, what a good dog! He embraces them all, and makes so much of Toto that he has tripped him up and thrown him down. But Toto, who has tumbled on the grass, does not mind it in the least; on the contrary, he laughs so heartily that Little Peter has to help him up.

X.

POOR LOULOU, HE WOULD BE TOO UNHAPPY IF WE LEFT HIM BEHIND.

XI.

ALL is ready. The solemn hour has come. The ship's company, the Admiral at the head, throw themselves on their knees, and invoke the blessing of Heaven on the voyage of La Belle Lili. This pious duty over, they all get up, feeling strengthened. At this moment a gentle breeze rises and fills the tri-colored flag at the head of the tall pole which serves them for a mast. A propitious wind blows from the east. The sloop of war, La Belle Lili, dances proudly on the waves, and seems herself impatient to start. The signal to embark is given. All proceed in regular order. First the Admiral, then Master Toto, who seats himself on the locker; Mr. Punchinello is at his side; Master Loulou lies down at his feet, his big, loving head resting on the knees of his little friend.

Master Paul and Little Peter sit down on their seats, each holding an oar. The Admiral, her hat of gray felt, with its beautiful red feather tipped a little on one side, her hair streaming in the wind,

XI.

THE ORDER IS GIVEN TO LITTLE PETER TO WEIGH ANCHOR.

glass in hand, stands upright in the bows. The order is given to Little Peter to weigh anchor. The painter is cast off. A slight shock is felt. Miss Lily and Master Toto, unprepared for this, lose their balance for a second, but that is nothing.

The boat cuts through the water before the oarsmen have given a single stroke.

"So much the better," says Captain Paul; "the current is with us, let us take advantage of it."

Little Peter, who likes to husband his resources, takes some nuts out of his pocket and begins to crack them with his teeth. "Give me some," says Toto, "all picked out."

XII.

THE land flies away. Toto is amazed. The trees glide by, the shores also; the houses run away. The park is already out of sight. La Belle Lili makes her way majestically between flowery shores. Meadows, all dotted with flowers, spread out on either side. Toto wants to stop and gather nosegays for his darling aunt.

"Impossible," says the Admiral.

And, addressing herself to Captain Paul, — "Captain Paul, according to your reckoning, how many knots an hour?"

"Over a thousand," says Paul. "At the rate we are going, we shall soon be in America. We have already lost sight of the coasts of France."

They see in the distance clouds of smoke, from the midst of which bright flames escape. They hear, far off, a noise of hammering on iron.

"I shouldn't wonder if that were Father Taboureau's forge," says Little Peter.

The Admiral shrugs her shoulders. "That," she says, "is foggy England."

XII.

THE LAND FLIES AWAY. TOTO IS AMAZED.

"It is perfidious Albion, the land of shopkeepers," says Paul.

Toto does not want to go to England. There are too many governesses there. It is full of Miss Doras, who oblige little fellows to say "yes," and study, and who make them eat their bread and butter with the buttered side down when they do not read well.

They reassure Toto. They will not land on a country so well known. La Belle Lili is reserved for a more glorious destiny.

XIII.

THE river expands. "We are on the open sea!" cries Captain Paul. "Only look, the water is salt!"

They all taste the water.

"Yes, it is salt," says Lily.

"Yes, yes," says Toto, who finds the water not as sweet as his barley sugar.

Little Peter, who, like the rest, has tasted the water, does not find it salt at all, but not wishing to be called a ninny, he holds his tongue. Besides, Master Paul knows more than he does, and if he says it is salt, why, salt it is.

XIII.

WE ARE ON THE OPEN SEA; ONLY LOOK, THE WATER IS SALT.

XIV.

PORT your helm!" cries Paul, who is afraid of running foul of England.

The Admiral proudly ports the helm. Captain Paul plies his oar. The ship begins to turn round and round. The strokes of Captain Paul's oar send the spray above Master Toto's head. Master Toto, who has felt some drops of water, thinks it is bad weather.

"Why, no," says Captain Paul.

"But," says Toto, "when it rains, it is not fine weather!"

Paul explains to him that it is only a squall; and Toto, understanding nothing of the explanation, is obliged to hold his tongue.

Little Peter, who perceives that the less they row the better they get on, conscientiously folds his arms.

In the mean while the river has become considerably broader. They can scarcely descry its shores.

"Behold the ocean!" cries Captain Paul.

"Yes, the Atlantic Ocean," adds the Admiral.

It seems to Little Peter that the river has only overflowed, which makes it look like an immense pond, but he says nothing, for fear of incurring the derision of the Captain.

Miss Lily asks if he has thought of bringing a cask of water on board. Little Peter replies that he did not think it necessary to bring water on the river.

"Positively, this poor little Peter is good for nothing. He is stupid."

XIV.

WHEN IT RAINS, SAYS TOTO, IT IS NOT FINE WEATHER.

XV.

HEARING this talk about water, Toto finds out that he is hungry. Admiral Lily directs him to apply to the steward.

Little Peter asks Master Toto what he would like. Toto only wants his cup of chocolate, which he has not had because they started so early. Little Peter offers him an apple and a piece of bread.

"It is not warm," says Toto, in a disappointed tone.

Little Peter then proposes to bring the ship to shore, where he will find no trouble in cooking the apple. The Admiral refuses, for they might fall into the hands of the savages.

"Ah! and there they are, sure enough!" cries Captain Paul, pointing to five or six half naked natives bathing in the waves of the ocean.

"Savages! savages!" exclaims Toto, "what is that?"

"People who sometimes eat raw flesh," replies Lily.

XV.

BUT CAPTAIN PAUL IMPOSES SILENCE.

"Ogres, then! I am afraid!" screams Toto.

And Master Toto begins to cry.

Little Peter tries to console him, by saying that these savages are only Jeannot, the blacksmith's son, Tourniquet, the bell-ringer's nephew, and Larmichon, the son of the cobbler; but Master Paul, with a terrible look, imposes silence.

The Captain, recovering himself, orders their course to be changed, so as to fly what he calls the coast of Africa.

On learning that she is in Africa, the Admiral takes off her little hat. "Dear me, how warm it is!" she says.

They conclude to eat the apples uncooked. In Africa it is desirable to keep cool, and besides, they must save the sausages for dinner.

Little Peter distributes them.

XVI.

WHILE they are eating, the sky clouds over; great drops of warm rain begin to fall; a storm is coming up.

"We are in a bad latitude," says Captain Paul. "Shipwrecks often happen here. We must keep a good lookout. Do you see that cape jutting out into the sea?" adds he, showing a point of land a little way off.

"That," says Little Peter, "is the end of Father Ribouleau's meadow."

"Meadow!" cries the Captain, glaring at him. "That is the Cape of Good Hope, the extremity of Africa, the Cape of Tempests, and we are entering the Indian Ocean."

"The Indian Ocean!" cries the Admiral. "Ah, how delightful it is to voyage!"

"But it rains," says Toto; "I am all wet!"

The Admiral opens her umbrella to shelter Toto. They ask Little Peter if he has taken the precaution to bring a tent along.

"No," says Little Peter, "but if you like, we can go on shore and get under a tree."

XVI.

WHY, THAT IS FARMER RIBOULEAU'S MEADOW, SAYS LITTLE PETER.

The Admiral pronounces that a very bad idea. It is dangerous getting under trees when it thunders.

"But it does not thunder," says Little Peter.

Paul shrugs his shoulders. "It always thunders at the Cape of Tempests; and can there be tempests without thunder?"

Little Peter still listens, but understands nothing.

"He is surely deaf!" cries the Captain, exasperated.

After a few moments, Little Peter proposes that, as the oars are no help, they shall use them in making an awning, which they can do by resting them slanting against the sides of the boat and the mast, and covering them with Jeannette's cooking apron. (This apron had served Little Peter for carrying his vegetables to the boat.)

"That will do capitally," says the Admiral.

Little Peter, assisted by Paul, sets to work, and the tent is raised. The strings of the apron serve instead of twine to fasten it down. It is very pretty and very comfortable.

XVII.

TRULY, this is a storm in good earnest. The wind blows and the waves run high. The thunder rattles, the sky is black. Vivid flashes of lightning, followed by terrible thunder-claps, make the ship's company shut their eyes and stop their ears.

Master Toto, fortunately, is asleep, his arms around Loulou's neck. How frightened he would have been!

The Admiral is not tranquil, and Captain Paul conceals but imperfectly his emotion.

The ship careens. She bounds on the crest of the waves. The tiller is torn from Miss Lily's hands. They seize hold of the seats, so as not to be pitched overboard. The mast creaks and bends, and the tent is in danger of being torn to shreds.

As for Little Peter, he is easy in his mind. He has made the sign of the cross; he has nothing now to fear. The Captain and the Admiral think that that's a good idea, and, kneeling down, they commit themselves to the protection of Him who commands the winds and waves.

XVII.

TRULY, THIS IS A STORM IN GOOD EARNEST.

XVIII.

GOD has heard their prayer. The storm has passed off like a summer shower. It is so warm that Captain Paul takes off his little jacket, and the Admiral her cape. She has taken up her glass again, and takes a survey of all the points of the horizon. "Land, land!" she cries, at last.

"What land?" asks Paul.

"An island," replies Miss Lily; "for it seems entirely surrounded by water."

Captain Paul consults his chart, takes his bearings, and exclaims, with a joyous air, —

"It is the Isle of France! the Island of Paul and Virginia!"

"Let us land! let us land!" cries Miss Lily.

But the wind is contrary, and the Isle of France, which is only a big hill, with the waves breaking upon it, is very soon passed, to the Admiral's great regret.

In the mean while surprise succeeds surprise in this marvellous voyage around the world. Some

XVIII.

IT IS NEIGHBOUR FISTOULET GETTING READY TO MAKE HIS CHARCOAL.

minutes after they have lost sight of the Isle of France, Toto, who, to imitate his cousin, makes a glass out of his little fist, signals smoke on the horizon.

"That's so," says Captain Paul; "it is the volcano of the Island of Bourbon."

"A volcano!" exclaims the Admiral.

"A volcano!" says Little Peter, in amazement. There is really a little hillock of earth yonder. From the summit of this mountain escapes a black smoke.

"Good!" says Little Peter; "I know now what a volcano is. It is Neighbor Fistoulet getting ready to make his charcoal.

"His charcoal!" replies the Captain, with a severe air. "Here's Master Peter, who takes volcanoes for charcoal fires!"

"He is crazy!" says Lily.

Little Peter inwardly resolves that he will not even do as much as whisper, since, positively, he cannot open his mouth without saying some absurd thing. Only he thinks to himself that the current is very strong, and is bearing La Belle Lili very far from the villa.

XIX.

LA BELLE LILI has continued her rapid course. They have passed by continents, peninsulas, islands, islets, that is to say, little mounds of earth, of various sizes, separated from each other by the rise of the water. Paul and Lily have perfectly recognized the Indies, the Islands of Sundy, and Australia. They are now on the broad PACIFIC OCEAN, and boldly navigating all OCEANICA.

The sea is immense, and at times a little rough. They must take great care. The Admiral guides the rudder with a firm hand, and where it is necessary Toto rouses himself to help her with his little arm.

Suddenly they see ahead of them a larger island, this time a real island. The Captain pronounces it the Island of Juan Fernandez, famous as the abode of Robinson Crusoe.

"O, how delightful!" cries the Admiral.

"How delightful!" chimes in Master Toto; "think of the sugar-cane, and cocoanuts, and lots of other good things we shall have!"

"That," said Little Peter, forgetting his resolution, "is Ribochet's Island. I have been there twice with Antoine —"

This is a little too much. The Admiral curtly

XIX.

WE ARE LOST, CRIES THE ADMIRAL.

imposes silence upon Master Peter. If he says another word they will string him up to the yard-arm. Little Peter would like nothing better than to see Robinson's Island, about which he has heard so much for the last three days; but in vain he rubs his eyes, he cannot agree with the Captain.

Fortunately, his superiors, busy in taking observations, do not notice his contumely.

Admiral Lily and Captain Paul are so absorbed in contemplating the famous Robinson's Island, that they pay no heed to the ship's course. It is only when it is too late to tack about, that Captain Paul sees that the ship, going at full speed, is in danger of running upon some enormous reefs.

"We are lost!" cries the Admiral.

This cry of alarm is scarcely uttered, when Miss Lily, Captain Paul, poor Toto, and his friend Loulou, are sent tumbling over one another by a violent shock.

Is it possible that Little Peter has not a kind heart? While the Admiral utters piercing shrieks, while Captain Paul flies in a passion, and Master Toto weeps, and Master Loulou barks, he looks as though he could scarcely keep from laughing.

If Captain Paul had seen him, he would surely have put him in irons at the bottom of the hold. It is on board naval vessels, above all, that discipline must be maintained, and respect to superiors is at the bottom of it.

XX.

THEY all get up again. The Admiral's dress, however, is badly torn. Captain Paul has a great black and blue mark on his leg, but he is not dead, Miss Lily dresses the wound with her handkerchief dipped in sea-water. It is very good, salt water, for wounds. Master Toto has not hurt himself, but he is in an unhappy frame of mind. In the confusion his stick of barley-sugar has dropped into the water. The whales will eat it up, and that does not suit him. As to Loulou, he has bravely made up his mind: as soon as he can free himself he plunges into the water and swims. He now barks joyously from the shore, and seems, by his gambols, to invite the ship's company to follow his example.

"Only look, now, at our vessel," says the Captain, "wedged in between two enormous rocks!"

"Why, no," says the incorrigible Little Peter;

XX.

THE ADMIRAL DRESSES THE WOUND OF CAPTAIN PAUL.

"those are not rocks, those are nothing but big stones, put there for people to get ashore easily by jumping from one to the other."

It must be confessed that Little Peter is a queer fellow. He understands nothing at all, and he is so simple that he is never astonished at anything.

Miss Lily and Paul regard the island with an anxious look. According to them it is still very far off; and, besides, is it inhabited? What if there should be savages there? Grave questions!

"Or lions, or tigers, worse than lions—and perhaps serpents, too?" says Captain Paul.

Miss Lily and Master Paul communicate their fears to each other in a low tone, so as not to alarm poor Toto; but Toto is not listening to them, he is looking at the water, which has swallowed up his barley-sugar. All at once he utters a cry of joy. He insists that he sees his barley-sugar at the bottom of the sea, and if Little Peter were only very kind, he would go after it for him.

XXI.

LITTLE PETER makes no ado, but takes off his shoes, rolls up his trousers (he has no need to take off his stockings, for he hasn't any), and jumping into the water, which, to tell the truth, is not very deep, he brings up, in getting himself a little wet, the barley-sugar, to Master Toto, triumphant.

When Master Toto gets possession of his barley-sugar his joy diminishes, because his barley-sugar itself has diminished. The sharks, he is very sure, have given it a good sucking.

"Why, no," says Little Peter, "they melt away in water, such things."

Toto is not convinced. With a wrathful eye he looks into the deep for the shark daring enough to touch a stick of barley-sugar which did not belong to him.

"There he is! there he is!" cries he, suddenly.

Master Toto has seen, at the bottom of the water, an enormous black beast, advancing with stealthy steps toward Little Peter, and surely going to eat him up.

"Come back into the boat, my Little Peter,"

XXI.

TOTO'S BARLEY-SUGAR AND THE LOBSTER.

cries he. "Look out for that big beast! See how he opens his big claws!"

Master Toto's exclamations have attracted the attention of the Captain. He follows, with his eyes, the direction pointed out by Toto, and sees the monster.

"Your shark is a lobster," he says to Toto, with a patronizing air; "don't be afraid, Toto!"

Then, addressing himself courageously to Little Peter, —

"Take hold of it," he says. "Be very careful to seize it by the middle of its body, or it will pinch your arm with its nippers."

Little Peter sees the lobster, and stooping down, with a coolness which makes Miss Lily shudder, he brings it up out of the water.

"But this is a cray-fish: we don't call this a lobster, with us."

Captain Paul can no longer restrain himself. "Verily," he says, "this simpleton of a Little Peter always thinks himself in the stream which runs by his father's garden!"

In the mean while Little Peter, put into the humor of it by his prize, is looking under the big stones, and captures successively twelve fine cray-fish, which he quietly puts in the bottom of the boat.

XXII.

WHEN once they are fairly in, the cray-fish begin to bestir themselves, each on its own account, in the hope of getting out of the boat, and some of them shape their course in Master Toto's direction. Master Toto does not fancy this. He raises his little legs as high as he can. He doesn't want to have his feet cut off. He is very sure that these are not cray-fish. Cray-fish are red, they are quiet, they do not crawl, and it is on plates, too, that they are always found, with good sauce which bites the tongue. Little Peter, to tranquillize him, puts them into his cotton cap.

Master Loulou watches this operation with great interest. These cray-fish are queer things to him.

XXII.

TOTO IS VERY SURE IT IS NOT A CRAY-FISH—CRAY-FISHES ARE RED.

XXIII.

IT is impossible to remain any longer in so critical a situation. Already the ship creaks. What if she founder! They must land. The boat shifts a good deal. Little Peter holds her as near the shore as he can with the rope. The Admiral does not like to venture on all those stones, which must be slippery — neither does Toto. But finally it is all settled. Toto mounts on the back of Little Peter, who very cleverly brings his little burden to shore, where Master Loulou takes him in charge.

XXIII.

TOTO MOUNTS ON LITTLE PETER'S BACK.

XXIV.

THE Admiral is still to be taken care of, for Captain Paul will have enough to do to save himself. By way of a grand crutch, Little Peter arms each hand of Miss Lily with an oar. While she springs from one big stone to another, he wades through the water at her side, to point out to her where it is not slippery, and the salvage is at length brought about.

Captain Paul, the last on board, as in duty bound, after a moment's hesitation, jumps, in his turn, from reef to reef, and arrives finally on terra firma, where all the ship's company are awaiting him with an anxiety easy to conceive of.

XXIV.

DISEMBARKATION OF THE ADMIRAL.

XXV.

WHEN the shipwrecked party find themselves once more together, they throw themselves into one another's arms, in returning thanks to God for this unhoped-for deliverance.

The Admiral, with a faltering voice, then presents her thanks to Little Peter. Toto and Loulou jump on his neck to embrace him.

Little Peter is embarrassed by these effusions. He is modest, and sees nothing out of the way in what he has done. He turns and twists the tassel of his cotton cap in his fingers. It is his way of expressing his feelings.

For my part, I think Little Peter a brave boy, and I trust I am not alone in this opinion.

XXV.

THEY THROW THEMSELVES INTO ONE ANOTHER'S ARMS.

XXVI.

WHAT a calamity!

In jumping too quickly from the deck of La Belle Lili on to the first reef, Captain Paul has pushed the boat off to sea.

This discovery turns the joy of the shipwrecked party into consternation. No more provisions! no more clothes! no arms! no soldiers!

The boat, driven by a rapid current, has soon disappeared to the right of the island. It is all over. They will never see her again!

Even Little Peter has become very sober. What he most regrets is the loss of the two loaves of bread.

As to Master Toto, he is inconsolable. He does not cease to cry out, "Mr. Punchinello! Mr. Punchinello!"

The truth is, Mr. Punchinello has behaved very badly in remaining in the boat. Toto suspects him of having done it on purpose, so as not to lose sight of the biscuits. He is, nevertheless, plunged

XXVI.

WHAT A SITUATION! WHAT WILL BECOME OF US?

in grief, thinking of the dangers to which Mr. Punchinello will be exposed.

In the mean while the Admiral and Captain Paul retire to one side to hold a council. What a situation! What will become of us? What shall we do? The Admiral's eyes are full of tears, which she would like to keep back, and which roll silently down her pallid cheeks. She thinks of her dear mamma, of her father who is so kind, of old Jeannette who has brought her up, and even of good Miss Dora, whom she now regrets she did not consult. She casts a pitying look on innocent Toto. She and Paul, extending their hands toward him, make a solemn vow to be to him both father and mother.

All this while Master Toto, whom the allurements of his friend Loulou have diverted from what he calls the flight of Mr. Punchinello, is playing on the shore with Loulou, who is very well satisfied to find himself again at liberty on solid land.

"Happy child!" says Miss Lily, in looking at her little cousin; "happy age, that escapes all care for the future!"

XXVII.

LITTLE PETER, seeing the sadness of his superior officers, hints that it is possible that they will have to pass only one night in the open air. He hopes that Antoine, the fisherman, will come with his boat, as usual, the next morning, to take up the lines which he has set off the island.

The Captain replies that he hasn't as much sense as Toto, or Loulou even, to imagine such things; that they are more than a thousand leagues from Antoine, who certainly never has put his foot on the Island of Juan Fernandez.

"But," says Lily, "if it is Robinson's island, we shall find some traces of his old establishment."

"Courage!" says Paul, "all is not lost! Let us go and explore."

Already they are on their way into the interior, leaving Toto in charge of Little Peter and Loulou.

XXVII.

ALL IS NOT LOST — LET US EXPLORE THE COUNTRY.

XXVIII.

LILY and Paul, after having walked a long way, much disquieted by the silence about them, and the creatures which start up under their feet, have discovered a big tree, loaded with fruit, in form and color resembling apples. But this cannot be an apple-tree. There were none on Robinson's island; besides, the fruit is too red.

"Shall we pick some?" says Lily.

"Shall we eat some?" says Paul.

"O, no," says Lily; "what if it were poison!"

Paul, by dint of jumping, ends by bringing down a specimen of this mysterious fruit.

"Put it in your pocket," says Lily.

"It does not smell at all like an apple," says Paul. "Little Peter, in his capacity of son of a gardener, can, perhaps, tell us what it is. These things are in his line."

But they have no time to lose. They turn their steps toward a forest which they see behind a ledge of rocks.

"See how tall the trees are," says Paul.

"And dense," says Lily. "It must be very dark in that forest."

"It is like all virgin forests," replies Paul. "Let us still go on. You go behind me, Lily."

"No," says Lily, bravely; "at your side. I will share your perils."

XXVIII.

OH, NO! SAYS SHE: WHAT IF IT SHOULD BE POISON!

XXIX.

THEIR hearts beat as they approach the wood. How gloomy it is! They look at each other, wavering, when suddenly a terrible bellowing comes from the depths of the forest.

They stop as though petrified.

"It is a lion!" says Paul.

"Let us fly, and protect Toto!" cries Lily.

"Yes," says Paul, "let us fall back on the main body."

And, running at full speed, they reach the shore, hot and out of breath, without having taken time to look if their enemy were after them. They have, however, presence of mind enough not to acquaint their unfortunate companions with the cause of their precipitate return. An island inhabited by lions is worse even than a desert island.

XXIX.

YES, SAYS PAUL, LET US FALL BACK ON THE MAIN BODY.

XXX.

POOR little Toto has stopped playing — he is hungry.

"Where are the cocoanuts and sugar-cane which you promised me, Lily?"

"Alas, alas!" replies Lily, "I have none. I have found nothing yet, my child."

Showing, then, the reed grass to Little Peter, Toto asks if that is sweet.

"No," says Little Peter, "that is not food for Christians."

"Shall we, then, be condemned to die of hunger on this inhospitable shore?" says Lily.

"Or shall we be compelled to eat one of our number in order to sustain our sad existence?" says Paul.

"O, how horrible!" cries Lily.

"Bless me!" says Paul, "that has been done on voyages, and there have been generous souls who have willingly sacrificed themselves to prolong the lives of their companions."

So saying, Paul glances at Little Peter. Lily, terrified, casts down her eyes. She comprehends.

XXX.

LITTLE PETER IS NOT QUITE STUPID.

"Poor Little Peter!" says she. "I am very sure that I must be a hundred times hungrier than I am now, and I am already very hungry, before I make up my mind to eat you. Let us wait, Paul. Let us search. Anything rather than such a horrible alternative."

Little Peter, who has no suspicion of the sinister thoughts of the Admiral and Captain Paul, has, nevertheless, a very preoccupied air. He scratches his head as though he wished to get hold of some idea. He walks slowly by the water's edge, examining, here and there, the appearance of the shore, and peering into every hole. Suddenly he takes off his wooden shoes, rolls up his trousers again, and bravely goes into the water up to his knees. Little Peter is not quite stupid.

"What is he doing?" Lily sees him walking softly along, bending over, and holding in both hands his cotton cap, which he trails into all the holes that the waves have made on the beach. Little Peter signs to her to make no noise. In a few seconds he raises himself up, with a joyous cry. With one spring he is on shore again.

XXXI.

APPROACHING his shipwrecked companions, who also run toward him, Little Peter throws in triumph on the sand a very long animal, which coils up and wriggles under the eyes of the alarmed Master Toto.

Loulou is at once on the alert.

"Seize him, Loulou!" says Little Peter; and, with one snap of his jaws at the head of the horrible animal, the valiant Loulou kills him dead.

"It is a serpent!" cries Master Paul.

"A sea-serpent!" says Lily.

"O, no," replies Little Peter, "it is an eel, and a famous one, too. We will have it for our supper."

"That an eel!" says the Captain. "Hold your tongue, and take care of yourself, Little Peter. It is a rattlesnake, or, perhaps, a boa-constrictor. O, if I only had my boarding-axe here! The tail is still alive!"

XXXI.

SEIZE HIM, LOULOU SAYS LITTLE PETER.

XXXII.

THE boa-constrictor still moves. Little Peter, who does not know what a boa-constrictor is, but knows very well that this is an eel, takes hold of the animal a little below the head, and fastens it to the branch of a tree with a bit of string. Then, by the aid of his pruning-knife, which he has kept in his pocket, he skins the eel, as one takes off a stocking, by turning it wrong side out.

"Well," says the Captain, "perhaps it is an eel, but we are not Esquimaux, to eat raw fish."

Miss Lily thinks to herself that, at all events, this would be far better than devouring Little Peter.

Little Peter, full of his work, has taken out of his pocket a tinder-box and flint; then, gathering some leaves of dry wood, he makes a good fire at the base of a rock near the water side. Very soon the eel, cut in pieces, is laid on the coals.

XXXII.

A JOLLY FIRE.

XXXIII.

"THAT won't be very good without bread," says Miss Lily.

"And without mustard," adds the Captain.

"I don't like mustard," says Toto, "it bites; and I am not very fond of bread."

Toto, in watching Little Peter's culinary operations, has been suddenly consoled. Little Peter, after Loulou, has become his favorite.

Suddenly the Captain gives a jump. The bellowing of the forest — he has just heard it again.

"The lion!" cries he, — "the lion!"

'O, no," says Little Peter. "That? That's a cow; that is not a lion."

The Admiral cannot preserve her gravity. A frank laugh, very unexpected at such a moment, bursts from her lips. Captain Paul is disconcerted by it; but as at heart he is not sorry that it isn't a lion, he for once gives in to Little Peter.

XXXIII.

THAT? THAT'S A COW: THAT'S NOT A LION.

The bellowing is now heard again, and still nearer.

"Yes, yes," says Toto, "that is certainly the voice of a good cow."

Toto is charmed. The good cow must have good milk.

All the ship's company turn and perceive, half way from the wood, a beautiful white cow approaching them slowly, with a curious air.

The eel is forgotten. The children start off after the false lion; but, on seeing them coming, the cow turns about and disappears in the thicket, to the great disgust of Master Toto.

"It is a wild cow, undoubtedly," says the Captain. "You see, Little Peter, that she is afraid of human beings."

"It is no matter," says Lily. "We must try to find her again — we will tame her."

"And I will get on her back," says Toto, breathless from running, "like little Francis, in the Swiss Robinson."

XXXIV.

IN following after the cow, the children see, standing upright before them, in a field of grain, a species of giant, perhaps an ogre, with open arms, as though ready to seize something they do not see. Fortunately the giant is not looking their way — but what if it should be an ogre! Ogres, perhaps, can see behind them as well as before them. In any case, there is no time to lose.

XXXIV.

A SPECIES OF GIANT.

XXXV.

LITTLE PETER, who has been standing still, busy in taking a pebble out of his shoe, has looked, in his turn, at the giant. He thinks he recognizes it for a scarecrow, made out of an old hat and old blouse of his uncle Antoine. In order to assure himself he is not mistaken, he makes up his mind to go close up to it, armed with a big stick, and escorted by Master Loulou.

XXXV.

LITTLE PETER ESCORTED BY LOULOU.

XXXVI.

LITTLE PETER, still escorted by Loulou, turns toward his companions, carrying over his shoulder the scarecrow on the end of the stake which held it up. Paul is stupefied, as well as Miss Lily and Toto.

"It is nothing but a scare-crow to frighten the birds," cries Little Peter to them.

"It is a real giant," replies Lily, "and you are David; you have conquered Goliath."

"Ha, ha! What a droll victory! If it were not so heavy it would be a good joke."

XXXVI.

NOTHING BUT A SCARECROW TO FRIGHTEN THE BIRDS.

XXXVII.

AFTER this adventure, which ended by making them all laugh heartily, the children penetrate into the wood. They have not gone fifty yards when they see, in the middle of a clearing, a strange being, a live one this time, who has a long beard, and whose face is half concealed by a broad-brimmed pointed hat. He is sitting quietly on the trunk of a fallen tree, under a sort of white umbrella, fastened to the ground by the handle. This mysterious being is looking so attentively at a large piece of cardboard which he holds in his hand that he does not notice the presence of the shipwrecked company.

"Let us fly," says Toto; "it's a savage!"

"But suppose it should be Robinson himself?" says Lily.

"It can't be any one else," replies Paul, "since we are on his island; besides, there's his parasol."

"Poor Robinson!" rejoins Lily; "and to think that everybody believed him dead! I never did fancy the end of his story. It is very amusing, when he is alone with Friday on his island, but afterward, when the English and savages come, I do not like it as well, and I would much rather believe that some story-tellers made up the end, and that it is not true."

XXXVII.

SUPPOSE IT SHOULD BE ROBINSON CRUSOE.

XXXVIII.

ALL this was said behind a big tree, the trunk of which concealed the children. Only Miss Lily, from time to time, risks a peep at Mr. Robinson. She thinks he has a good face, but Captain Paul does not agree with her. Robinson or not, he may be evil disposed, and perhaps he has become savage. "Ah, if I only had my gun, or only my arrows!" says he to Lily, behind whom he is standing.

Toto, seeing that Paul and Lily are hiding, also stations himself behind a tree; but the tree he has selected is very young and slender, and hides poor fat Toto about as much as a big needle would. It is just as well. Master Toto is tranquil; he thinks he is entirely hidden. Besides, he shuts his eyes with all his might, and at Toto's age it is the best way to not be seen.

As to Little Peter, he has not budged. He regards the individual seated on the trunk of the tree with curiosity, and remains in full view, with a coolness which makes the blood boil in the veins of Master Paul.

"Stay, stay!" says Little Peter, all at once; "why, your Robinson is the painter who always goes out with Antoine to take the picture of the banks of the river."

Paul, exasperated by Little Peter's nonsense, would beat him if he were only near enough. "Come here!" he says, angrily; "come here! You will betray us if you don't hide better than that."

XXXVIII.

A BIG TREE, THE TRUNK OF WHICH CONCEALED THE CHILDREN.

XXXIX.

BUT look! What happens now? Loulou, after pausing a moment to inspect the stranger, makes a sudden spring, and, with one or two bounds, goes straight up to him.

The blood curdles in the veins of the children. It is all over with them! Loulou has declared war, and they are unarmed!

But what is this? The savage, or Robinson, receives Master Loulou very cordially. He is not angry, though Loulou has upset his portfolio. He speaks to him like an old acquaintance. What can it mean?

"Ha, ha! It's you, is it, Master Loulou! It seems to me you are a little abrupt to-day. You count so surely upon people's friendship that you fall upon them without having yourself announced. You have made me make a false stroke, but that is all the same to you. What under the sun are you doing on the island at this hour? Have you

XXXIX.

LOULOU HAD ALREADY PUT HIMSELF IN POSITION.

broken your chain, and swum across the river? Very good, very good, — keep quiet; I understand, — you have come to get your lump of sugar. Look sharp, now, and you shall have it!"

Then, fumbling in his pocket, the savage brings forth a big lump of sugar, which he puts on the nose of Master Loulou, who, like a sentinel under arms, is already in position to receive it. The savage signs with his finger to Master Loulou not to move. Loulou, who seems well up in the drill, obeys this sign, and keeps quiet, seated on his hind legs.

"One!" says the savage, "two!" then clapping his hands, "three!" cries he.

Loulou makes a spring, the sugar flies up in the air, and Master Loulou, to the great admiration of the children, who do not suspect him of such accomplishments, catches it in his mouth as it falls.

"Bravo!" says the savage, "bravo! You have richly earned your breakfast;" and, taking up a piece of bread lying by his side, he offers it politely to Master Loulou, who makes but one mouthful of it.

XL.

"HOW I should like to be in Loulou's place!" says Captain Paul to Lily.

"So should I," says the Admiral.

Toto says nothing; but as he has finished by opening his eyes, he has witnessed the whole scene, and at heart he is disgusted with his friend Loulou for not having kept this nice luncheon for him.

The savage, who, until this moment, has been too much absorbed by his interview with Master Loulou to notice anything else, now lifts his eyes. The first object which he sees is Master Toto, behind his little birch tree. Master Toto, petrified at finding the eyes of the savage fixed upon him, has closed his again with all his might, and is as quiet as a little hedgehog caught in a trap.

"What's this? what's this?" says the savage; "has he come out of the ground — that little youngster there?"

One by one he catches sight of all the children: first, Little Peter; then, sticking out behind the big tree, a flap of the dress and part of the head of Miss Lily; and, finally, Captain Paul.

"Ha, ha!" says he, rising; "babies grow on this island — do they? I, who thought myself its Robinson! I, who sought solitude in order to work uninterruptedly! Very convenient it will be to finish my sketch with these monkeys here. However, I can easily settle that business by begging

XI.

DO NOT STIR, SAYS THE SAVAGE, KEEP STILL . . . OR . . .

them to go to the other end of the island, and see if they cannot find me there."

But suddenly, as though a new idea struck him, and extending his hand toward them, "Do not stir!" he says, in a peremptory voice. "Keep still; not a movement! or —"

And picking up his little sketch-book and pencil, "Come," he says. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. I wanted to sketch a desert island; I am going to sketch one inhabited by little folks. How pretty the little things are! The one who shuts his eyes is invaluable."

It is hardly worth while to say that the terrified children have obeyed the command of the savage. They stand motionless, like condemned criminals awaiting the death stroke.

"O, if he would only kill us quickly!" says Master Paul to himself.

Miss Lily, in spite of her terror, thanks Heaven that the savage does not look as if he meant to scalp them, as is frequently the custom of savages. Her hair rises on end at this horrible thought.

Some minutes pass, which seem a century to the small unfortunates; after which the savage, laying down his pencil, makes a sign with his hand to Little Peter. "Come here," he says: then, addressing Paul, Lily, and Toto, "and you, sir, and you, miss, and you too, little one, come and explain to me, directly, by what course of revolutions you are in my kingdom. Do you come in a balloon, or on the back of a dolphin? on foot, or on horseback? For I don't imagine that you reached this desert country by swimming."

XLI.

MISS LILY — we must do her this justice — is the first to reply.

"Mr. Savage," says she, — "or Mr. Robinson, which I like better, — I will tell you all that has happened to us, if you will kindly promise not to eat us."

"Goodness gracious!" says the savage, "you take me, then, for an ogre, or a cannibal, capable of eating you up all raw?"

"O," says Paul, "he is going to roast us!"

"Undeceive yourself, my little lady," continues the savage, in a voice which seemed to soften. "I am neither one nor the other, and you need not be afraid of me; but if I spare your life, it is on one condition only — that you tell me the *exact truth.*"

XLI.

THE ADMIRAL IS THE FIRST TO SPEAK.

XLII.

MISS LILY is choked by her emotion; she feels her knees give way under her. She would like to throw herself at the feet of the savage.

"Mamma, mamma!" she says to herself.

Captain Paul, seeing that Lily is not able to sustain the conversation, summons up his courage, and, coming forward to the formidable savage, —

"Lily is not to blame," he says, with a generosity which they all admire in him, "nor Toto, nor Little Peter, nor Loulou. Only punish me, Mr. Savage. Keep only me in slavery. I will take the place of your Friday, if it must be so, but pardon all the rest."

He then gave, with all the details, the story of the day, enumerating the various countries they had passed on this memorable voyage, and giving a pathetic account of the dangers they had run in their maritime expedition, as well as their unfortunate shipwreck, aggravated still further by the loss of the sloop of war La Belle Lili.

He added, moreover, that they were very hungry,

XLII.

CAPTAIN PAUL SUMMONS UP HIS COURAGE.

and would be everlastingly grateful to him if he could spare them the necessity of eating, without bread, the eel which had been left in the kitchen by the rock, or, what was worse still, Little Peter, without being cooked at all.

I am obliged to say, in my character of historian, that the savage laughed in his sleeve whilst listening to this lamentable narrative.

When Master Paul had finished, the savage, drawing himself up to his full height, took the floor, and made them a speech, of which, I assure you, neither Master Paul nor Miss Lily lost one word, though it was pretty long. Both, and even Master Toto (especially in the first of it), were only too conscious that it was very just.

"The taste for voyaging," said the savage, "is a noble taste if indulged in at an age when we can make it useful to ourselves and others. But birds do not, without danger, leave the parent nest until their wings are grown; and this is what you did not think of at the beginning of your famous expedition. I see, therefore, that I have to do with foolish little bodies, who have not understood a word they have read, and who want to behave like grown-up people when they are nothing but babies. If God had not watched over you, Miss Lily, and over

Master Paul, your cousin, and over poor little Toto, whom you have led into your mischief, you would have all perished. Water is a treacherous element, only to be braved where one has the power to conquer it.

"It is very noble to be strong enough, patient and courageous, and trustful in God enough, not to despair of our fate, when, like Robinson Crusoe, we have been cast upon a desert island, and to show that man, thrown upon his own resources, can overcome the dangers of a solitary life: but to court misfortunes, and expose ourselves to useless peril for our sole pleasure, is folly, and, pardon me the words, little friends, it is the height of stupidity.

"It is also ungrateful toward those who love you, and bestow upon you all that care of which your childhood stands in need. Your papa and mamma, Miss Lily, and your kind uncle and aunt, who take the place of parents to you, Master Paul, and you, Master Toto, will, after this, have cause to think that you do not love them at all."

XLIII.

"WE do love them! we love them dearly!" cry the children, bursting into tears, and falling on their knees. "O, Mr. Savage, we do love them!"

"You haven't proved it by your running away," replied the savage; and, resuming his wise discourse, "we have no right to be visionary in life, and sacrifice the happiness we possess, to run after imaginary delights. Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson struggled with misfortune which they had not courted, and, by their wisdom and courage, overcame all the difficulties of their position. But they never passed a day of their lives on the island, even when they were the most comfortable there, without bitterly regretting the society of their friends and family, and their lost country. This is proved by the fact that, in spite of all the compensations vouchsafed them by Heaven, they welcomed with joy their release from their sad solitude.

"If kind Providence had not watched over you on your way, if you had passed one night only on this island, you would certainly have caught a

XLIII.

OH! MR. SAVAGE, WE DO LOVE THEM.

severe cold. And who would have taken care of you, if you had been left here for any length of time? What doctor would you have had, or what cook to prepare proper food for you? Who would have tucked you up in your beds to keep you warm? You would have had only the damp earth to lie upon, with stones for a pillow. And who would have fondled you and comforted you under such a trial, which could end but in death, and which would have left only shame upon your memory?

"To conclude, you are no more in Robinson's Island than you are in the moon, my poor little ones. You have seen the overflow of the river, and not the sea, my poor children. You are only three quarters of a league from home, young miss and masters, who are such famous voyagers; and that is already too far for mariners like you. You have not made the tour of the world any more than a snail has, promenading on his cabbage-leaf, or around a garden circle. This island is truly Ribochet's Island, as Little Peter told you, who, it seems to me, has retained his senses better than any of you. The story of your pretended exploits will cover you with ridicule, if ever made public, which I hope it will be, for the instruction of all children, living and to come. This will be your punishment, and a very mild one too, considering how very naughty you have been."

The children hung down their heads. Master Paul and Miss Lily felt too keenly the justice of these words to say anything in their defence.

"We have been fools!" says Paul to Lily.

"Yes," says she, "great fools!"

Little Peter listens admiringly. He could not have believed a simple painter could talk so well.

"I hope," says the savage, — "for I do not wish to leave you any longer in suspense, — that the lesson you have given yourselves will be useful, and that you will never attempt such a thing again. If you will promise me this, I will take you to the other side of the island, where I have left my boat; there you shall each have a bit of bread and cheese, and a sup of wine, and just as much water as you want, which you can draw from the sea, Master Paul, and which you will no longer find salt, I presume.

"When this sumptuous repast is over, I will take my two oars and carry you back home, where poor old Jeannette — ungrateful children that you are — and kind Miss Dora must be frantic at your absence. It is four o'clock. We must bestir ourselves to get back home before dark, but I think we can manage it. Come, let us go."

XLIV.

SO, after all," says Lily, "you are not a savage, nor Mr. Robinson?"

"What, again?" says the painter. "O, what heads! How hard it is to bring back reason to little pates when once it flies away! No, I am not Robinson. I am a friend of your father, invited by him to pass a month at his villa to sketch the scenery. On account of his absence, I am lodging with Antoine until he comes back. Is that perfectly clear?"

"O," says Lily, "how stupid you must think us, Mr. Painter."

"Stupid?" says the kind savage, "no; only a little bit foolish, my dears. But come, will you let me kiss you, Miss Lily?"

"O," says Lily, extending both arms, "I did not dare to ask you, but I wanted to. It seems almost the same as though I had already embraced papa."

Paul blushed, waiting his turn.

"Come!" says the painter to him, "give us your two cheeks, captain."

XLIV.

AND CAREFULLY TAKING TOTO IN HIS STRONG ARMS.

"But how's this? Where is Master Toto?" he adds. "Has my sermon put him to flight?"

"O, no, Mr. Ernest," says Little Peter; "he has only gone to sleep."

"Don't disturb him," says the kind artist, smiling; and, carefully taking up Master Toto in his strong arms, he starts with his new friends for the boat.

I will not relate how they reached it. You see here the order of march of the procession: Master Toto, blissfully sleeping in the painter's arms; Miss Lily, carrying the great stick of his umbrella; Captain Paul, bearing proudly the umbrella itself, — all walking quickly to get to the boat as soon as possible, and thinking of the bread and cheese and wine that they were going to find there. The evening was fine, but a little chilly, which was not an evil. The coolness restored the navigators to their senses, and when, after the distribution of the eatables, they saw themselves seated in Father Antoine's boat, commanded by a great captain like Mr. Ernest, they felt quite at ease.

It is hardly necessary to say that they had themselves passed judgment on the folly of their escapade.

XLV.

BUT as they drew near home their anxiety returned. What was going on? People with lights were running along the river bank. Some were in the water, examining in every nook. All the neighborhood was out.

But what were Miss Lily's feelings, when, among a number of voices inquiring if anything had been found, she recognized the anxious voice of her father giving orders, while he himself was dragging the river in the most dangerous places, and when she perceived her mother on the shore half dead with fright, held back by her friends?

"Mamma! mamma!" cried she.

A heart-rending cry answered her,—

"Lily! Lily! I hear her voice!"

When the boat came to land, Lily sprang on shore. Her poor mamma had fainted. Her father, whom the gardener had fetched, was beside her, all dripping with water.

"Punishment!" said Lily to Paul, pointing to her pale and lifeless mother, "this is punishment!"

Paul and Lily, in tears, throw themselves on their knees, kissing the hands of the poor mother.

XLV.

PEOPLE CARRYING TORCHES WERE RUNNING ALONG THE RIVER BANK.

XLVI.

HAPPILY, soon restored to life, she opened her eyes and arms nearly at the same moment. "Ah!" said the poor mother, "I thought one could die of joy!"

Old Jeannette was tearing her hair, accusing herself of not having watched over the children.

At last all was explained.

The children showed so much contrition, they felt their fault so keenly, that Mr. and Mrs. D—— had not the heart to scold them very severely.

It is needless to say how warmly Mr. Savage was thanked. Little Peter, also, who was really the only rational person, the only one who had his wits in this famous journey, came in for his share of gratitude.

As to Toto, he long regretted that he had not found any cocoanuts or sugar-cane in his voyage around the world. It was a constant saying with him, that, since he had not come across them anywhere, they probably existed in books only; and, therefore, his confidence in printed matter has been very much weakened.

XLVI.

AH! SAYS THE POOR MOTHER, I THOUGHT ONE COULD DIE OF JOY.

XLVII.

MASTER TOTO is too sceptical. When he is bigger he will be a better judge of such matters. I was going to forget a very important fact. Three days afterward, Mr. Punchinello made his appearance at the house. He had been found in the boat, more than two leagues off from the island, and very near the mill-stream. A little more, and the sloop of war LA BELLE LILI would have gone under, with its sole passenger. He had not suffered much from the voyage, his natural high spirits having sustained him, apparently, in this trying situation.

It seemed, also, that he had eaten up all the biscuits, for he had grown extremely fat, and the biscuits had disappeared. Master Toto reproached him for his flight even more than for his gluttony. With regard to the gluttony, it must be confessed that poor Mr. Punchinello was very excusable. To pass a night fasting by the side of three nice biscuits, and on the water, would certainly have done him a great deal of harm.

Our readers, we are sure, will not be sorry to hear that the celebrated painter, Ernest B., became, always after Loulou, Toto's best friend. Only Toto could never get used to calling him anything but Robinson, and the name stuck to him. He has done nothing to dishonor it.

XLVII.

MASTER PUNCH HAD EATEN ALL THE BISCUITS.